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over Schwartzkopff adds: "It is a matter of course that Christianity can only gain by an elucidation of the truth."

Schwartzkopff devotes the main part of his booklet to proving that Jesus, in order to be truly man, must have had a specific human character of his own, which was conditioned by surroundings and the laws of psychological evolution. As in his physical constitution he was subject to all the ailments of bodily infirmities, to disease, pain, and death according to natural laws, so we must grant that his spiritual life, too, was truly human, which includes that under given conditions he was liable to err, to be mistaken, and to be disappointed.

That a liability to error implies moral defects, Schwartzkopff denies, and he contends that sinlessness does not as yet imply intellectual infallibility; and this is the most important point which his booklet makes. The Christian who understands this will no longer have an interest in glossing over errors which a critical investigation of the New Testament will have to attribute to Jesus. There will no longer be any motive for shunning the truth, or to be afraid of the outcome of New Testament criticism. Occasional errors caused by special surroundings, and due to the conditions of the age are not incompatible with the fact that the salient truths of salvation were revealed fully in Jesus who as such is the Christ and the Son of God.

K.

THINKING, FEELING, DOING. By *E. W. Scripture, Ph. D.*, Director of the Psychological Laboratory in Yale University. Meadville, Pa.: Flood and Vincent. Pages, 308. Illustrations, 209. Price, \$1.00.

We approach the task of critically weighing this work with feelings born no less of kindness than of justice. Catching the contagion of the football-season last autumn, professors and valiant knights of the pen all over the country have seemed incapable of conceiving a merrier sport than the belaboring of this poor little book, which is merely designed to popularise in an impersonal manner the results of labors which they or their betters have wrought from a sheer and disinterested love of truth. The reasons for this opposition are not far to seek, and lest our general estimate of the work be taken as an unqualified approbation, we may begin with a catalogue of its salient defects.

The first and most marked feature which has presumably given offence to Professor Scripture's colleagues, is his delightfully straightforward and frigorific habit of depersonalising and disindividualising science—particularly when the personality is the mortal vehicle of some other luckless wight. This leaning to the Buddhistic ideal of science is laudable in a certain stage of the development of knowledge; but psychology is yet too young, yet too much colored by yearning and fame-seeking individuality, to undergo such radical and Procrustean disjointment. We have not observed that Professor Scripture has suppressed overmuch his own personality in the citing of scientific results, yet barring the last chapter, which treats of a few of the great investigators in modern psychology, we look in vain for a suitable and

systematic recognition of that vast and rich material which he has drawn from others and whose acknowledgment would, in a humanistic regard, have greatly heightened the value of his book.

The next appalling feature of the work is its Gargantuan verdancy, its Brobdingnagian arrogance. It is the mark of a great mind to unbend gracefully, but where grace and art are lacking, it is better it should be avoided. The fall from dignity consequent upon artificial familiarity and patronising, and all limping facetiousness, mar the beauty of a book, and tend greatly, by the raising of vulgar trivialities to the rank of science, to debauch the reader's mind. What impression do we get from the following specimens, to quote only one class? For example: "Are we to suppose that the many Englishmen are color-blind who can see in the Irish flag only a symbol of anarchy?" "How long it would take to recognise an object unwillingly, e. g., a tradesman by an English snob, has not yet been determined." "Alas! our whitest paper is a sorry gray when compared with God's white." Or, the thrilling detective story on page 147: "All is silence. The assassin in his hiding place feels secure from pursuit," etc. Or the wit in the facetious quotation of "'multitudinous syllabifications and frangomaxillary combinations' that pass as philosophic English." And the references to "Robbie" and to "Daisy," to "Baby," to "Kitty and the knothole." Surely these are not things that will make a fellow "laugh till his face be like a cloak ill laid up."

And then as to what we mean by arrogance. There is a mark of presumption reigning in the attitude of the author towards everything not achieved by the *tinker-psychology* of the laboratory. We get the impression that there is naught of merit produced outside its bounds. Indulging in dreams and nonsense in the arm-chair and in the study is unscientific, but toying with pretty brass instruments, smoked drums, mazes of wire, and induction-coils, ringing infinite changes on the one idea of reaction-times, registering the barking-times of dogs and the grunting-times of pigs, fooling generally in the laboratory, is science in its highest and most ineffable essence.

All this rests on a vulgar and erroneous impression of what *experiment* really means—on an erroneous conception of science and on an erroneous conception of philosophy. We are all of us *incarnate bundles of experience*—bundles of mechanical experience,¹ bundles of sociological experience, and pre-eminently bundles of psychological experience. Every human mind is a microcosmic workshop. "Virtually," says Gauss, "we always experiment with our thoughts."² J. R. Mayer reached the law of the conservation of energy without a laboratory; and according to the *character* of the inquiry, this has been the case with many other of the great discoveries of science. It is wrong to say (p. 25) that "Galileo would never have discovered the law of falling bodies if he had not made the experiment." Histori-

¹ See Mach, *The Science of Mechanics*, pp. 83, 304, 26-28; and *The Open Court*, No. 209, 1891, p 2923, "The Importance of Clearness and the Charm of Haziness."

² See *The Monist*, Vol. VI., No. 2, p. 171.

cally, he discovered the law *before* he made the "experiment";¹ its agreeing with the experiment was good for the law, but it was not the merit of the experiment. The static properties of the inclined plane were not only discovered without "experiment," but the accurate execution of the experiment designed by Stevinus was at the time virtually impracticable: in fact, it was not necessary. True scientific research is really a forestalling and exclusion of *all but a few experiments*—the corrective or corroborative experiments. And this forestalling is done in the head, not in helter-skelter performances in the laboratory. Experiment, properly understood, is the mark and key-note of our age. Its rôle in the establishment of single (and even determinative) facts, in the confirmation of hypotheses, and in the attaining of statistical results, is paramount; but, as a pure laboratory-method, it never made science out of a chaotic mass of facts. And hence it is that we shall continue to read just as edifying and instructive treatises on psychology by the right kind of "arm-chair psychologists" as we shall from some estimable directors of psychological laboratories. We intend no disparagement in these remarks of the remarkable results which "experimental" psychology has achieved; nothing can be accomplished by a psychology that is not experimental, in the proper sense of the word. Nevertheless, the idea or ideas destined to make of psychology a coherent discipline, though they may be evolved by a laboratory-psychologist, will never be the direct outcome of the present laboratory-methods.

More rational is the author's attitude towards philosophy, though even here we hardly think his estimate is adequate (p. 293). Certainly a sound philosophy, or at least a sound philosophic instinct, is more than "helpful" in special science; it is a prime necessity for fruitful and telling work; and we have only to compare the achievements of those who have it with those who have it not, to appreciate its paramount importance. We are also surprised to learn that the positive philosophy based on the special sciences "is very little known outside of Germany" (p. 293). Relatively, and considering the gross output of philosophy in Germany, it is as little known there as in America, France, or in England. But pardonable evidences of a Teutonomaniac leaning are noticeable in many parts of the book. On a growing acquaintance with the work of the rest of the world, this tendency in Germany-bred scholars is naturally and gradually reduced to its proper dimensions, as all who have suffered from the contagion will bear witness.

We may now address ourselves with equal frankness to the excellences of the book. They are not few, and are more solid and less adscititious than its defects. The conception of the work, the popularising of the methods and results of an important science, intimately connected with all the action of life, is a laudable one. In the execution of the task, the author has remained true to his intention of writing "plain, every-day English." The presentation in most cases is simple and

¹Cf. Whewell, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. I., Book VI., Chapter II., Sect. 2; Mach's *Mechanics*, p. 130; and also the *Dialogues* themselves (German translation promised in the Scientific Classics, edited by Ostwald: Leipsic).

direct. He has perhaps fallen a little short of dignity in the use of catchy titles and illustrations, but he well knows the idiosyncrasies of his public and the methods by which its indifference is wont to be combated. If the people can learn psychology by the channels of Sunday newspaper advertising, then, shades of the gentle Fechner, let them learn it, and let us have more of it! Good medicine is good, surreptitious though be the ways by which it is smuggled into the system.

For the reader of sound average education, not susceptible of the misgivings which attack the bowels of a precisian in science, philosophy, and good literary form, and for the person whose native mental equipment places him beyond the reach of baneful infections of this character, we can cordially recommend the work, as a clear elementary compendium of the methods and results of the new laboratory-psychology—reaction-times, thinking-times, attention, the physics and mechanics of the senses, audition, vision, etc., etc. The descriptions, and accompanying illustrations, of instruments and apparatus, are a capital feature, and of sufficient value and rarity alone to repay the perusal of the work. The mechanical plan and typography also are commendable, and we must not omit to mention the occasional presence of valuable pedagogical hints.

So, then, let us God-speed this book on its course, trusting that our animadversions have not wholly outweighed our commendations, and above all things, that they will not interfere with the sale of a single copy of the book, nor leave a rankling thought in any man's bosom. If they have been frank and hard, they but correspond with the valiant openness with which the author himself has taken a whack at every philosophic pate he sees. "To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter and a keen guest." This audacious fearlessness of the book is its most hopeful quality. A man that will fight will mend.

THOMAS J. McCORMACK.

DES LIMITES DE LA PHILOSOPHIE. By *O. Merten*. Paris: J. Michelet. 1896.
Pages, 300.

Dr. Merten is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Liège and is the author of a treatise on Popular Philosophy, of another on Ethics, and also of a critical study of Maine de Biran. In the present work he offers a criticism of the possibilities and scope of philosophy which as he claims has been untouched since Kant, yet is the most important of all questions in this domain. He finds that we are living in a period of intellectual lassitude quite similar to that which existed in the time of the great Königsberg philosopher. He asserts that philosophy is still tainted with the discredit which became linked to it in the time of Hegel, and that it is now high time that it should leave off the attempt to solve vain and impossible problems, and devote itself to the more real and pressing tasks of the hour. Either philosophy must perish or renounce entirely those illusions whose pursuit long since demonstrated its infirmity in the eyes of humanity. Philosophy must break definitely with the hypotheses which have been set up so often in the course